

HALF A CENTURY



"AS to whether the newspaper business is a good business to get into," saith Jesse Lynch Williams, "folks differ; but every one agrees that it is a good business to get out of." The picture on the left is not Jesse Lynch Williams, but Mrs. A. R. Le Roy of Cincinnati, supposed to be the oldest newspaper reporter in these United States. Not long ago she celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday, and her twenty-fifth anniversary as a reporter, and, just to show how it ought to be done, she put over a "scoop" on that day, beating the whole crowd of bright young men on the paper. Hip, hip, ahoy for Missus Le Roy.

Photograph from Oscar A. Dool.

WILL all the ladies who had not less than two or more than six cooks last month please step forward? We desire to direct your attention to Mrs. Clara Edler, who has served continuously in one family for seventy-four years. Just how old Mrs. Edler may be, she can not tell. She remembers the famous Humboldt Shower of Stars in 1833, and thinks she must have been ten or twelve years old then; but she was a slave, and nobody kept a record of the ages of slaves. It was some years after that she was purchased by Colonel James Crawford, for whose daughter she still works. We withhold the name of the daughter, lest cookless women raid her home.

Photograph from J. W. Porter.

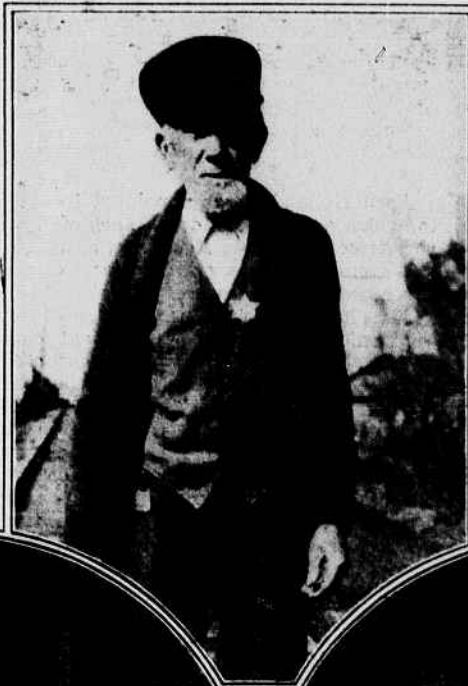


Photograph from A.

IF we were yellow journalists we would claim that these old men shall never touch ours. That battle was fought, as you remember survived. These are hard days for survivors. Most of George Washington men left in the whole country who held Lincoln's hat when he delivered the thing. They are simply a crowd of kids in Meadville, Pennsylvania on the downhill of life as they had on the up.

FIFTY-SIX years ago Jimmy Berry entered the University of Iowa. Since then he has, indirectly, caused a good many other gentlemen to leave it, but Jimmy himself stays on. Fifty-six years he has patrolled the campus at night; for fifty-six years he has heard the same old lies. He has catalogued them all: there are only seventeen—beginning with, "My watch was stolen and I missed the train and couldn't get back on time," to, "She's my little cousin from Arkansas, and I was just seeing her home." And still Jimmy believes that, underneath, men are more good than bad.

Photograph from C. H. Stempel.



"TWENTY dollars for sleeping-cars," spluttered Abe to Mawruss, looking at the expense account, "and we hired him for a vide-avake salesman." Such a remark could never have been said of James F. Fenlon, who seventy-two years ago became a knight of the grip, and to-day, at ninety, is still hot after the orders. Mr. Fenlon's line is pumps and windmills. He has sold more than 60,000 of these articles in his territory, and it is estimated that if all the windmills he has sold were set side by side, they would create a breeze twice as great as a session of Congress and five times as beneficial to the country.

Photograph from O. R. Geyer.



Photograph from

William Alfred Corey.

IN his ninety-fifth year Joseph Cockroft is still at his job of stereotyper. In the little shop where he stands are his presses, photo-engraving outfit, his molds, and everything else a print shop needs. And recently, single-handed, he turned out a job of 20,000 booklets for a big steamship company, doing every stroke of work himself. When Mr. Cockroft left Chicago in 1883 the printers of the city gave him a gold-headed cane: when we left, just twenty years later, we were given twenty-four hours.



Photograph from

FOR fifty-one years Samuel Kautz has been at his job of throttle. After the famous Harrisburg was completely cut off it was necessary to get a train delphia—but how? Who could vania officials selected Sam Kautz was in Philadelphia. One que Mr. Kautz: Why does a locomotive engine will snuggle up beside and purr and cough until the